NATIONAL REVIEW

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February 16, 1957

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION

The Assault on Medicine

ROBERT J. NEEDLES, M. D.

Russia's Two-Fold Triumph

MELCHIOR PALYI

The Case of Ira Latimer

FRANK HUGHES

Articles and Reviews by · · · WARREN L. FLEISCHAUER
C. DICKERMAN WILLIAMS · E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN
RUSSELL KIRK · L. BRENT BOZELL · ROBERT PHELPS

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The WEEK

● That must have been some airplane ride down to Georgia! Mrs. Charlie Wilson sat stiffly by herself the whole trip long, reading a book, a wisp of steam coming out of her nostrils every now and then, while the boys sneaked away and disported, nervously, in one of the staterooms. When they landed, General of the Army Dwight Eisenhower tiptoed past Mrs. Wilson to get his hat. When he noticed that the book she was reading was called *How to Like Ike and Like It,* they rushed off and put in a call to Paul Dudley White.

● To the surprise of nobody, Leon Keyserling, who used to be Harry Truman's favorite economic haruspex, has written an article for the *New York Times* Magazine called "The Case for a Big Budget." Mr. Keyserling thinks that as a country gets richer, its budget must increase even more than proportionally. We don't doubt that the more money people have, the more you can take away from them. It is Mr. Keyserling's calm assumption that the federal government has a first lien on every man's income and that planners operating a budget can do better than the market to meet people's needs in practically everything. "First things first," says Mr. Keyserling. Or, the better to emphasize the tacit element in Mr. Keyserling's thinking, "First things first—with the planners first of all."

● It is reported from Eastern Europe that the Chinese, Polish and Italian Communist Parties are opposing a Soviet plan to revive the Cominform, sacrificed last spring in Khrushchev's ardent courtship of Tito. The Soviet Communist Party would be able to use a new Cominform as an instrument for minutest control of all other Communist Parties. The three dissidents, led by the powerful Chinese Party, though united with Moscow in basic world strategy, are apparently resisting the old ("Stalinist") kind of intervention into their day-by-day organizational affairs. For the time being, Moscow may substitute a new world Communist paper, published from Czechoslovakia, whose local Communists have lately been more pro-Kremlin than the Kremlin.

● In a bold and unexpected move, King Hussein of Jordan has made public a letter to Premier Suleiman Nabulsi warning against Communist infiltration of their country and of the Arab Mideast generally. If the Communists are not stopped, the King declares, "they might affect our nationalism and make us re-

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place imperialism with a new type of colonialism, from which we might be unable to redeem ourselves." He reminds his countrymen that in spite of its momentary anti-Israel policy, the Soviet Union has in the past been Israel's chief advocate in what King Hussein describes as the Zionists' "usurpation" of Palestine, "the dearest part of the Arab world." The King's statement comes shortly after the joint offer by Egypt, Syria and Saudi Arabia to supply the $36 million subsidy that Britain has been paying Jordan annually, and suggests that he is not altogether happy about his new backers.

● Only three million Russian youths will enter the labor market this year, and each year until 1962, as compared to six million annually in recent years. Russians now reaching working age were born during the Second World War (in which Russia sustained a population loss of 12 million due to a reduced birth rate and increased infant mortality alone). And this means a scramble for every young man between the Soviet armed forces and Soviet industry. So let's not be swept off our feet if the Soviet should agree to the 2.5 million limit of its armed forces suggested lately in the UN. It might be just what the doctor ordered.

● Ever since the Suez crisis there has been an upsurge in emigration from Great Britain to Canada, Australia and New Zealand. Most of the emigrants give as their reason for leaving England the diminished opportunities under socialism, and the threat of a return to austerity. On the other hand, we read in the *New Statesman* that the conservative papers that supported Sir Anthony Eden's Suez policy have gained circulation in recent weeks, at the expense of the critical opposition press. Many an Englishman's heart, it would seem, can still beat faster to the martial note of a patriotic expedition even while his neighbor prepares to desert the homeland for a richer life across the seas. There is a sad division in that happy breed of men.

● The week's little lesson in constitutional interpretation: 1) The Constitution empowers the President to conduct the foreign relations of the United States. 2) *Therefore* it empowers him to do that which is necessary for conducting them. *Therefore,* 3) by clear implication it prohibits persons other than the President from doing anything that gets in his way as he conducts them. Concretely, he is empowered to invite from abroad whom he pleases, and to immerse his guests in an atmosphere of friendliness and goodwill conducive to easy negotiation. *Therefore,* anyone who sullies that atmosphere by saying unkind things about a Presidential guest openly violates the Constitution—or, as the *New York Times* puts it, "essentially" invades the President's "constitutional right to conduct the foreign policy of the United States." And since—carrying the *Times'* logic on out—to violate the Constitution is to subvert it, those who are objecting to King Saud's and Marshal Tito's visits are traitors, and should be stood up against a wall and shot.

● A reader sends us an item from his local paper. It reads, in full: "LANSING, MICH., Jan. 2—Democrat G. Mennen Williams took the Michigan Governor's oath for the fifth time today. He predicted higher taxes for the state." The reader comments, "Brief as this AP dispatch is, I think the last line is superfluous."

For the Record

Attorney General Brownell may owe his current lead in the race for the Supreme Court vacancy to the animosity between Eisenhower and Dewey. The President, who knows of Brownell's political intimacy with Dewey, would prefer in the Attorney General's job a man loyal to his person. . . . The Federal Department of Health, Education and Welfare estimates that it will double its budget within the next five years. Secretary Marion Folsom holds that the jump from three to six billion dollars a year is inevitable, possibly desirable. . . . Within weeks, Labor Secretary Mitchell will submit his proposed changes in the Taft-Hartley Law to the President who, it is widely believed, will endorse them in a message to Congress. . . . In 1957-58 the chemical industry will spend $2.5 billion on new construction—$53 million is slated for an expansion of research facilities. . . . Though U.S. exports reached $17.3 billion last year ($3 billion above the previous record in 1955), exporters fear that the oil shortage will depress foreign industry and, therefore, the market for American raw materials. . . . A congressional committee is reported to possess sworn testimony that a Harvard professor who works for the Central Intelligence Agency told a group of seminar students that the CIA's principal challenge lies in maneuvering the U.S. into the recognition of Red China. . . . The New York federal grand jury that indicted Jacob Albam and Jack and Myrna Soble for peacetime spying, named as co-conspirators twelve Russian citizens most of whom served here as diplomatic envoys. They have all left the country. . . . J. Edgar Hoover, in the *Law Enforcement Bulletin,* has begged the country to face the fact that it is dealing with young criminals rather than bad children. He predicted that if "fierce young hoodlums" continue to be pampered by the law, America will witness "the brutal criminality and mobsterism of a past era."

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● The Toledo Industrial Union Council of the UAW will, according to its executive secretary, henceforth make no donations to hospitals, organizations, or institutions, until it has "made sure, by personal inspection, that they are not using Kohler plumbing in any project they have under way." Charity, in other words, begins in a home equipped with union-approved plumbing.

Halos Over Miami

That saintly body of ascetics who compose the Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor and Congress of Industrial Organizations has just concluded a couple of weeks of prayer and fasting at one of the local monasteries fronting on Miami Beach. (The sight of the sea, as is well known, conduces to meditation.) After strenuous spiritual exercises, the brothers (as they aptly call each other) of the Council were vouchsafed a revelation of the Law, etched, in deference to the industrial age, on teletypewriters of the news services rather than stone, which (the *New York Times* piously noted) "amounts to labor's ten commandments."

Straight and stern is the future path laid out by the Miami Tablets for the Sons of Labor. Thou shalt not be a crook, neither a racketeer. Thou shalt not dip thy hand into thy union's pension fund or welfare fund. Thou shalt not make a personal business deal with a firm with which thy union also is bargaining. And, with no mercy for the unrepentant sinner: Thou shalt not take the Fifth Amendment in vain, not even before a Congressional Committee.

Now NATIONAL REVIEW, like everybody else, hails these prophets, and is ready to join in worship according to the new prescriptions.

And we are especially struck by the timing of the new Law's appearance, as if a miracle were made to order to get the AFL-CIO out of a really bad jam. The American public was getting fed up with the crookedness, frauds and general lawlessness of the trade union bureaucracy. And this public anger had finally carried over into Congress, which was starting—very belatedly indeed—a series of drastic inquiries into the crimes and misdeeds of union officials.

You might almost say that the new code came just in time to take some of the heat off. Labor is cleaning its own house. No need now for washing all the old linen in public, or for pestiferous Congressmen to be sticking their noses into private affairs.

It also occurred to us that the Miami declaration is, by implication, a fairly frank confession that union officials have indeed, and on a large scale, engaged in racketeering and gangsterism. We recall that when others have said so—NATIONAL REVIEW, for example—we have been quickly and ferociously labeled as "anti-labor reactionaries," "political dinosaurs," "agents of the NAM," and such-like things. Victor Riesel got his eyes burned blind for speaking out of turn.

Happily, a new era has dawned. It will be fascinating to watch the Executive Council go to work on Dave Beck, Jim Hoffa and their 1,400,000 teamsters, and on some of the bigger and more notorious building trades unions. By the new Law, there are going to be a lot of expulsions from the AFL-CIO before the chastening rod is laid aside.

Or are there? Let's hope there is nothing phony about this whole operation and that George Meany and even Walter Reuther really mean it.

Travel Note: Dave Beck, head of the Teamsters Union, and one of the nation's biggest crooks, has left the United States for an extended stay in foreign parts.

Time Is Money

Senators Albert Gore of Tennessee and Mike Mansfield of Montana, Democratic majority members of the Senate Privileges and Elections subcommittee which has been delving into the subject of campaign contributions, have come up with a pained report on the recent election which supposedly proves that the Republicans had twice as much money as the Democrats to play around with in the arcane business of nailing down the vote.

We could be disturbed by all this if we thought it mattered very much. But, as Babbitt would have said, "time is money," and a report on campaign contributions which fails to assign a monetary value to the time spent on politicking by organizations and individuals is pretty meaningless. Mr. Henry Luce, we note, made a personal contribution to the Republicans of $29,375, but we would be very much surprised if Mr. Luce in person rang a single doorbell. As for his papers, while they were editorially for Ike, they gave plenty of respectful white space to the Stevensonian cause. Mr. Walter Reuther, on the other hand, is not listed among the "R's" who gave $5,000 or more to the Democrats, but it would surely strain the best electronic computer in the IBM stable to tote up the money-value of the time spent by officials of the UAW on electioneering during office hours normally devoted to union work. Just ask Soapy Williams, the Governor of Michigan, if he would rather have had Mr. Reuther's personal check or the support of the UAW hierarchy and see what answer you would get.

Unable to restrain themselves from giving an editorial slant to their findings, Senators Gore and Mansfield note "an unhealthy state of political affairs" in the propensity of "big business and large vested in-

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terests" to give to the Republicans, while organized labor gives "almost entirely" to the Democrats. We can think of an easy way to fix this strange predilection of human beings to have preferences. Just pass a law requiring business and labor to split their votes —and their money—equally between the Republican and the Democratic Parties. Then nobody would be able to complain.

Mr. Reston's Phony Fight

James Reston of the *New York Times,* upon whose every nuance we hang for word of doings in the halls of the mighty, wrote one of those pregnant columns last week that make the hackles rise up in the back of our neck. His analysis, boiled down, is as follows:

President Eisenhower has resolved to embark upon a stepped-up program of personal diplomacy. His campaign called for inviting the leaders of the world to Washington to open up "new lines of communications" with them. It came, then, as a "surprise and a shock" to him when the heavens caved in at his proposal to bring Tito to this country. The reason Tito's visit was popularly opposed is because of the "deep-seated conviction" that "contact with a government" or "recognition of a government imply approval" of that government. And whose fault is it that that conviction is deep-seated? Why, in part President Eisenhower's himself. For has he not "in dealing with the problem of the Chinese Communist regime," "said in public that he would not recognize it *because that would imply approval*"?

Now look at the result. Not only did Tito cancel his trip, but our Ambassador to Yugoslavia, Mr. Riddleberger, reports that American reaction to the proposed visit "is giving the Yugoslav leaders the feeling that they cannot do business with the United States unless they adopt American forms of government and society—and this, of course, they are not prepared to do."

So maybe, after all, the rebuff to Eisenhower on Tito will serve a useful purpose. For at last "it is recognized in official quarters . . . *that considerable education will have to be done if the public is to get over the idea that negotiating with a foreign government implies approval of that government and its policies.*"

What does it all mean?

Does it mean, among other things, that "official quarters" believe we should recognize Red China?

If so, this is not a compact argument against such a move—that we will do when the time comes. But let us, here and now, grant this: Neither recognition of a government nor negotiation with a nation's governors postulates approval of the government or governors. That is very clear. But that principle is being invoked to legitimize a great deal of mischief. Under its aegis we are told we must continue in any circumstance to recognize the governments of the Soviet Union and the satellite nations, and also that we should recognize the government of Communist China. By a perversion of it we were told that the Summit Conference at Geneva was an orthodox extension of formal diplomacy. Appealing to it, General Eisenhower invited Marshal Tito to this country.

Here, as we see them, are the relevant distinctions, at once crucial and obvious: 1) Diplomatic recognition does not call for intimate personal relations between governors. 2) Diplomatic recognition *is a discretionary matter.* The refusal to recognize does not preclude the transaction of essential business, and may have desirable political and psychological consequences.

The last three Presidents of the United States have not often made the first distinction. Franklin Roosevelt was convinced that he generated a charm sufficient to melt the snows of Siberia. Accordingly, he strove to personalize diplomacy, and his meetings with the world's leaders were conducted in the atmosphere of the hearth, of fellow huntsmen warming their pantseats before the fire. Truman, a provincial man with a provincial's malaise with foreigners, did not go in for that kind of thing very heartily, but he turned foreign policy over to men who, trained in the Roosevelt tradition, did—most notably Mr. Acheson, who was never frigid in foreign capitals, merely in his own. And now President Eisenhower, who not only knows that he is charming, but is charming. The salons and meeting rooms of Europe are littered with the cracked resolutions of men who set out to withstand that charm. The result of this fusion of diplomacy and camaraderie had its great fulfillment at Geneva. That meeting, both in form and substance, was unthinkable in the minds of its architects except in terms of an exchange of professions of faith and esteem, transacted in a setting of profuse conviviality.

But even stripping diplomacy of its fraternal trappings does not mean that diplomatic recognition is necessarily desirable. Formal relationships are rightly suspended in certain circumstances. Whatever business it is absolutely necessary for us to transact with, let us say, the Kadar Government in Hungary can be transacted without an exchange of ministers—through intermediaries, and by other means. The same holds true with Red China—and even with Tito. Our difficulties with Tito have not been the result of giving him the feeling that he "cannot do business with the United States unless [he] adopts American forms of government and society," but of giving him the feeling that he can do as he damn well pleases and *still* get invited to Buckingham Palace to drink tea with the Queen, and to the White House to live it up

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with the President of the United States of America.

In short, Mr. Reston is picking a phony fight. We do not know of any responsible person who would deprive the President of access to anyone in the world, to discuss any matter that bears on the national interest. But the people retain, and we thank the good Lord for it, a sharper sense of the moral and political fitness of things, than their leaders seem to have.

Nehru

On Kashmir ***On Suez***

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Simple Reason

Senator Stuart Symington took good care of himself on "Meet the Press" the other day; and, as he often does, set an example of forthrightness and patriotic concern for the nation's security.

Might we (he was asked), by allocating more money to air power, spend ourselves into bankruptcy? "We could save billions of dollars annually if we had true unification of the services."

Might we spend too much on defense? "Regardless of money, I believe it's important that this country, the last power left in the free world against Communism, do whatever is necessary to [remain] free."

Are we lagging behind the Soviet Union in air power? "This Administration admits . . . that [the Russians] have thousands more modern combat jet airplanes and it admits they are building thousands more . . . than we are."

Are we getting adequate backing for air power from our top government leaders? "I think we're lessening our interest in air power instead of increasing it."

Are our present government leaders so concerned about money as to be willing to risk our security? "Well, . . . [the Armed Services Committee] asked a leading general in the Air Force . . . 'you were allowed to ask for any amount of money you thought was necessary for our national security provided you asked for that amount [you were told to]'; and he said, 'That is correct.' "

Does the U.S. take more time from the drafting board to the flight line than the Russians? "Well, there isn't any question about the fact that is true . . . The Russians have been firing long range missiles for a long time, and every time we fire one it is a great public event."

Why? ". . . because of the bureaucracy we've built up . . ."

How Clean the Hands?

Taken at face value, the spokesmen for Israel argue what seems to be a plausible case. The Gaza strip, they say, has been the base for Fedayeen raids on Israeli villages. The Aqaba shore has been used by Egyptian artillery to block Israel's ships from sailing up the gulf. Therefore, if Israel's rights are to be protected, the Israeli Army cannot withdraw from either the Gaza strip or Aqaba unless prior and sufficient guarantees are furnished.

Now we see no reason why Israel or any other nation should treat with anything other than contempt the high-toned resolutions of a UN that shows its real nature in its abject capitulation to Moscow over Hungary, and to New Delhi over Kashmir. But the hollowness of the UN does not prove the justice of the Israeli policy.

Its case is being plausibly argued, but only by one of the oldest of an advocate's *ex parte* devices: by omitting a large part of the relevant evidence. The Gaza strip, peopled by hundreds of thousands of wretched, starving Arabs, is indeed a menace to Israel. But how did these miserable masses get there? Most of them are refugees routed from their Palestinian homes by Israeli force. Is Israel prepared, then, to guarantee these refugees the restoration of their homes and farms?

Egyptian guns have indeed menaced Israeli shipping in the Gulf of Aqaba. But Israel occupies the head of the gulf only by virtue of the coercion and battles by which it smashed the internationally approved plan for the partition of Palestine.

Israel now wants a UN guarantee of boundaries. But of what boundaries? Those once drawn by the

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UN were eliminated by Israeli guns that thrust to the armistice demarcation lines that have been legally accepted by no one.

A rejection of Nasser's claim to the right to strangle Europe at his whim is not equivalent to whitewashing Israel's aggressions against the Arabs of the Middle East. NATIONAL REVIEW reaffirms its initial statement on the Israeli Sinai operation, and again urges the Western nations "to stand by the declaration that they will not consider the Suez question settled until the Israelis return to the boundaries from which they broke loose."

A Man's Job

Where all is rotten, wrote a British philosopher, it is a man's job to cry stinking fish. Our congratulations to General of the Army Douglas MacArthur for having pinned back the ears of John Carter Vincent, by spearing a historical distortion which, as the General rightly comments, would have made the record on an important matter so corrupt "as to be no longer a reliable guide to historical research."

It was General MacArthur—not Dean Acheson—Mr. Vincent wrote the *New York Times*, who encouraged a Communist attack on South Korea by announcing that if it came we would not resist it. Not so, answered General MacArthur: his statement, which had indeed preceded Acheson's, "merely defined" MacArthur's personal "area of responsibility in the Far East . . . [as] prescribed by a directive from Washington . . . unchangeable by [him]." Acheson's statement, by contrast, "enunciated a basic policy decision of the United States *Government*, not previously made . . . in which no provision was made for Korea." As for his own position, General MacArthur concluded: "I had stated publicly many times that I regarded Korea as an invaluable outpost which I would defend at all costs if given authority in the matter."

Bull's-Eye!

The struggle between the National Guard and the Army is not altogether frivolous, if one views it in context of the tendencies to centralize and to ride herd on organizations administered by the states. The vendetta between them last week vented itself primarily on the question whether men trained by the National Guard are better or worse shots than those trained by the Army. The Army announced that field tests conducted last summer indicate that, by comparison with its own trainees, those of the National Guard are geese.

Could be. But our faith was shaken upon seeing a letter by the son of a member of the board of NATIONAL REVIEW to his father—written from an army training center: "We spent one week on the rifle range," he writes. "Everyone had to qualify with 160 minimum, but the company average was ordered to be 195. So what happened? Those who raised and lowered the targets put down any score necessary to keep the company average at 195. I operated one target: when a trainee missed altogether, I gave him three points. The lieutenant who supervised the scoring said 3 was too low, and that I should credit the man with a bull's-eye, in order to keep the average up. All scores were kept on a master sheet: when I turned in my scoreboard to the officials, they told me they didn't need it since they had *already* marked the man's score. I hope that if real war ever comes, the Reds will accept *our* scores and play dead. Otherwise, we're sunk." Whatever one thinks of the National Guard it is obvious they can learn from the Army how to keep score.

Erratum: Mr. Gerhart Niemeyer's article last week on "The Dimensions of European Power" stated that the present strength of NATO forces in Europe is "five divisions." The correct figure, and the figure that appeared in Mr. Niemeyer's manuscript, is fifteen divisions.

Reprints of the article, "The Assault on Medicine," by Dr. Robert J. Needles (p. 157) are available on request. Prices are 15 cents per copy; 10 for $1.50; 100 for $10.00. Write NATIONAL REVIEW, Dept. R, 211 East 37 St., New York 16, N.Y.

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In a few weeks, NATIONAL REVIEW will have available a few completely indexed bound volumes covering the period from the founding of the magazine in November 1955, through the issue of May 16, 1956 (Volume I); and from the issue of May 23 through December 1956 (Volume II). Each volume will sell for $20—$35 for the two. The supply is limited. Please enter your orders, which will be accepted first come first served, as soon as possible. Orders will be acknowledged immediately, and the volumes will be sent to you as soon as they are available.

NATIONAL REVIEW will also have available, in a few weeks, individual indexes for the first two volumes. The indexes are complete, and are about 16 pages each in length. They sell for 75 cents apiece. Orders cannot be acknowledged, but the indexes will be sent out as soon as they are available.

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NATIONAL TRENDS

L. BRENT BOZELL

A "Conservative" Steps Down

On January 5, 1938, one of the Supreme Court's last "strict constructionists" sent his resignation to the White House. Justice George Sutherland, whose uncompromising and frequently brilliant defense of the Constitution according to "the meaning the instrument plainly purports to convey" gave Franklin Roosevelt fits, was retiring. With relief, Roosevelt gave Sutherland's seat to his Solicitor General, Stanley M. Reed.

Reed had earned his spurs as an impassioned advocate of New Deal legislation in tests of its constitutionality before the high court. Indeed, so complete was Reed's devotion to the modernism of that day that he was Roosevelt's second choice in the high-priority campaign to "liberalize" the Court. Only Hugo Black had earned an earlier FDR appointment.

Last week, when Justice Stanley Reed announced his retirement, the press comment was unvarying: the Supreme Court had lost a "stalwart conservative." A number of the commentators caught the paradox in the characterization—Arthur Krock, for example. It shows that we have been going through "a period of transition," Mr. Krock wrote, for it is not the views of Justice Reed that have changed; they demonstrate a "consistent pattern of thought." "Transition" indeed! A more pointed demonstration of the direction and velocity of national trends is hardly imaginable: in the brief span of nineteen years, Justice Reed has moved from the extreme Left to the extreme Right on the Supreme Court, though he himself has steered a steady course.

But political positions *are* relative, and for conservatives the retirement of Justice Reed *is* a great loss. Take, for example, the question of internal security. In the last year and a half, the Supreme Court (on the strength of some of the most bizarre legal reasoning on record) has struck five body-blows at federal and state efforts to contain Communist subversion. In each of those decisions, *Peters* v. *Hobby, Pennsylvania* v. *Nelson, Slochower* v. *New York Board of Education, Communist Party* v. *Subversive Activities Control Board* and *Cole* v. *Young,* Justice Reed dissented. On four of those occasions (the Peters case is the exception) Reed was joined by Justice Minton, who retired from the Court last year. Thus, of the fifteen dissents in all of those cases combined, only five were cast by judges still remaining on the bench, two by Justice Clark, three by Justice Burton.

Justice Brennan, Mr. Eisenhower's selection to fill the Minton vacancy, has typically Liberal views on the civil-liberties-Communist issue. Which is also bound to be one of the qualifications that Justice Reed's successor must meet. Take heart, Comrades: *every*thing's going your way.

The Immigration Message

An earlier edition of this column charged the Administration with breaking the law when it invoked the so-called "parole" section of the McCarran-Walter Act to admit 15,000 Hungarian refugees after the quotas under the Refugee Relief Act had been exhausted. How, now, does the Defendant plead?

"On December 1," the President reported to Congress last week, "I directed that above and beyond the available visas under the Refugee Relief Act . . . emergency admission be granted to 15,000 additional Hungarians through the exercise by the Attorney General of his discretionary authority under Section 212 (D) (5) of the Immigration and Naturalization Act [the "parole" section]."

Then, several sentences later, and without blinking an eye:

"First, I recommend that the Congress enact legislation *giving the President power* to authorize the Attorney General to parole into the United States temporarily under such conditions as he may prescribe escapees, selected by the Secretary of State, who have fled or in the future flee from Communist persecution and tyranny." Nothing like asking for what you've already got.

On Manners

Marshal Tito has put the U.S. on probation. The State Department still wants him to come to this country on a state visit, but it will have to be postponed, the Communist dictator says, until the U.S. learns better manners. The Administration is sympathetic with Tito's reaction to the "discourtesy" shown him by Congressmen and others—which, in the President's phrase, it "deplores."

Several hours after the announcement that Tito had decided to stay home for the nonce, Senator McCarthy took the floor to comment on manners: ". . . it is now clear that we who believe the Tito visit is bad for our country cannot hope to prevail upon the Executive Department to change its mind about the invitation; our only hope, it seems, is to raise such a fuss [that Tito will never want to come]. Therefore, since 'discourtesy' is our only weapon. let us use it to the hilt. . . . I urge that we all—every member of this body, and every other American who feels as I do—be as discourteous to Marshal Tito of Yugoslavia as God gives us ingenuity to think up gestures of discourtesy."

For What It's Worth Dept.

Though it is listed as an "independent" newspaper, the Washington *Post and Times Herald* makes no bones about how much it likes Ike and the New Republicanism. Indeed, it has a defensible claim to preeminence among the President's press supporters—along the lines of ex-Senator Bender's famous topper. *He* was an Eisenhower man, Bender once boasted, before he had even heard of Dwight Eisenhower.

It was not surprising, therefore, to find on the list of 1956 campaign contributions, published recently by the Senate Elections subcommittee, an item showing a $1,000 gift to Eisenhower's Republican Party by Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Meyer (the publisher of the *Post,* and his devoutly Liberal spouse). Somewhat more revealing: a $10,500 gift by the Meyers to the *Democratic* Party.

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Russia's Two-Fold Triumph

A distinguished political scientist shows how the USSR has profited by the Hungarian revolt and the Anglo-French fiasco in the Middle East

MELCHIOR PALYI

The Hungarian affair ends up with a moral defeat and a material triumph for Russia. She has gobbled up that country and silenced the satellites. She lost international good will, but gained domestic strength that should reflect itself in hardening the regime within the mother country itself. The modest amount of freedom that was conceded to Poland may be wiped out in due course.

In the Middle East, Russia has not only won materially, but even morally. Why, she stood for the right of the "colonial" peoples for independence and freedom, corroborated by the fact that she stood shoulder to shoulder with the United States of America. The paradox that we were, in effect, bedfellows of the Russians against the British and the French has been over-dramatized in the press —as if the Western alliance had broken up. That, of course, is nonsense. But the true inwardness of the paradox has scarcely dawned as yet on the American people.

What happened was that Britain and France broke loose from the three-power Council of Foreign Ministers and tried to go it alone. They were sick and tired of the procrastinating tactics of Mr. Dulles. But their alliance "within the alliance" was flimsy; they were not even united on the objectives, such as Israel's borders. (At that, Prime Minister Eden double-crossed Premier Mollet by unilaterally quitting before the one agreed-on objective, the occupation of the Canal Zone, was carried out.) In any case, they learned that, singly or collectively, they are no great powers any longer. In the face of a virtual Soviet ultimatum—acidly answered by Mr. Eisenhower—they had to buckle under Washington's orders; the only alternative was to buckle under Moscow's orders. For the time being, given the Unholy "Alliance" between Washington and Moscow, the orders of the Big Two went parallel.

The events are in flux; not even the facts of the Mid-Eastern situation are fully known as yet. To predict their course as far ahead as a week is hazardous. But a few aspects and implications of the Nasser "incident" are clearly shaping up.

The Egyptian is as honest a dictator —as Hitler was. Like the latter's *Mein Kampf*, Nasser's book, *Philosophy of Nationalism*, clearly states his objectives. He wants to unite the Arabs from Morocco to Iraq; attack the Israelites from all sides and throw them into the sea; kick out the French, British and Americans from all Arab countries.

Incidentally, of the $3.5 billion oil investment in the triangle that includes 70 per cent of the world's known oil resources, 75 per cent belongs to U.S. companies and 25 per cent or less to the British. But 80 per cent of that oil goes to Europe.

The Great Gamble

So far as our Administration is concerned, there was no question about the facts: that Nasser was an impostor; that something had to be done to protect the Canal; that the raids on Israel should be stopped; and that the arming of the Arabs by Russia was a deadly danger to peace. Yet every French-British proposal that had teeth in it was watered down by Dulles—perhaps to keep the Administration's pacifistic record clear before the elections. (Actually, the crisis abroad was very helpful in bringing about the domestic "landslide.") However, the State Department had a deeper motive. Dulles kept warning the Allies of the danger of Russian intervention, thereby frustrating them, just as *they* had frustrated us in Korea with the identical argument. This time, curiously enough, Europe discounted the Soviet's rumblings as sheer bluff, while the State Department maintained an attitude of motherly worrying—and brotherly appeasing.

When Israel, Britain and France broke loose, we grabbed the reins, branded them as aggressors, and forced them to retreat—and took over *full responsibility* for things to come. And come they will. This is a great gamble, perhaps the greatest since the Civil War. True, a showdown with Russia has been averted, but surely not for long. She can only be encouraged by the fact that we did not call her bluff. With Russia reverting to Stalinism (the wolf shedding the sheep's clothing), the war clouds are gathering ominously. But consider the immediate implications of our dictate.

The Responsibility

The prime purpose of the combined attack on the Sinai Peninsula and the Canal was to eliminate the unscrupulous dictator. For the French, that was *the* purpose. Deflating the *Fuehrer* is the one and only way to cure the Arabs of their military megalomania. The fact that the sizable and well-equipped Egyptian army put up no resistance to speak of, explains why the other Arabs did not move a finger to help him, not until the "invaders" were forced to retreat from the outside. (Within Egypt Nasser is backed by a military junta only, without a party behind it.) What matters to the Arabs is that the white man had to retreat. Nasser emerges as a hero who defeated single-handed three superior powers—whether by force of arms or by diplomatic acumen, makes no difference. His prestige is not only restored; it is greater than ever. And the Russian aid is resumed on a larger scale than ever.

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Assuming that both Egypt and Israel agree to the international police force—of a brigade's strength, altogether—on their borders and along the Suez Canal: just how long is that force to stay there? Will it actually fight if one side or the other starts bombing? What about the danger of war on the eastern and northern borders of Israel when Syria and Jordan are being armed to the teeth by Russia, with Nasser actually having taken over their military command? It is scarcely less than obvious that *the war in the Middle East is not over;* in fact, what we have witnessed may have been the overture only.

It is essential to realize—what Washington could not possibly ignore—that Russia is responsible for the trouble. Actually, the action against Egypt served to stop its being armed, to nip in the bud an incipient war on a large scale. (On the air fields of the Nile valley, 130 MIG's have been destroyed and a fantastic volume of Russian arms captured.) By our sanctimonious intervention, we have acknowledged the right of the Soviets to proceed with their incendiary practices. They have to, partly in order to distract attention from Hungary (where the Kremlin again rules supreme), and to undermine the West at one of its most vulnerable bases. There is a good chance that Syria, for one, may join the Bolshevik camp, to say nothing of the rebellion spreading into Hong Kong, Singapore, Aden, and other places.

Having taken the reins out of the hands of Britain, France and Israel, we have underwritten, as it were, their economic and political security. That means that we are back to our favorite pastime: trying to resolve insoluble tensions by pouring out aid. Surely, for several months we shall have to take care of Europe's oil shortage ($200 million), of repairing the Canal ($40 million), restoring the pipelines, etc. The *Pax Americana* will rest on the billion dollar Nile dam, on refinancing Syria and Jordan, on providing for Israel, for the Arab refugees, and so on. With the Algerian rebellion unabated, France is heading for bankruptcy. Can we let her down after having "knifed" her attempt to stop that rebellion at the nerve center, in Cairo? Britain needs up to a billion dollars to put her house in order—and to let wages skyrocket. Last but not least: our military "readiness" will burden the budget with an additional two to three billion dollars—at current prices. But raw *commodity prices* (and wages!) are *upward* bound.

Above all, Russia has become a leading power in the Middle East and North Africa, for the first time in history. Stalin himself could not accomplish that feat. Khrushchev did, with America's passive tolerance and active "cooperation." Russia has reasserted her monolithic control behind the Iron Curtain, as we have restored our (collective) leadership of the West. She proceeds with the ruthless exploitation of her satellites, as we shall with the reckless squandering of handouts. The Middle East is the focal area that has not been divided up as yet. There, a new distribution of "spheres of interest" *must* take place—or else.

The Case of Ira Latimer

FRANK HUGHES

Ira H. Latimer wanted to be a lawyer. He took a law degree, struggled through his bar examination (made it, like Franklin Delano Roosevelt, on his fourth attempt), then applied to the Illinois Supreme Court's Character and Fitness Committee for admission to the bar. His application—action on such applications is usually a routine matter—was filed in September 1954. Two years and more later, after a long series of explosive hearings, the application was rejected. And a good many people, in Illinois and out over the country as well, have yet to hear a sensible answer to the question: Why?

Some, in attempting somewhere to answer that question, point to Latimer's rather involved past. He was once, by his own admission, a Communist. He has for twenty years been executive secretary of the Chicago Civil Liberties Committee, and that committee was, undoubtedly, one of the first of Chicago's Communist-front action groups (it was organized in the thirties). Moreover, Latimer admits that he ran the CCLC with an exclusive eye to Communist objectives until 1947—when, however, he broke with the Party over issues relating to the Communist-controlled Civil Rights Congress. (Most of the Communist membership, according to Latimer, promptly joined the American Civil Liberties Union, and the CCLC became a mere paper organization.)

Latimer appears to have moved quickly from Communist heresy to outright opposition to Communism. In due time, he began to keep company with known anti-Communists. Still later, he told his story to federal authorities. There was a long period during which he tried to eke out a living as a real estate broker, as a Democratic political worker, as a substitute school teacher (he could not get a certificate as a full-fledged teacher because of his Red background). It was in 1948 that he decided to embark on a career as a lawyer. And so he came, in the fullness of time, before the Character and Fitness Committee.

Most applicants face a few closed hearings, the theoretical purpose of which is to inquire into any of their past activities about which the committee is not satisfied. One applicant, for instance, Ira Aaron Kipnis by name, is known to have appeared before the committee about the same time as Latimer—after taking the Fifth Amendment when asked about his Communist affiliations by the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee. According to a current rumor, he told the fitness committee in his secret hearings that he had once been, but no longer was, a Communist Party member. In any case, he got his certificate without much delay.

Not so Latimer. The committee held secret hearings for him through a year and more, but reached no decision. Latimer, insisting that Communist influences were postponing a decision, then demanded *open* hearings—for which, admittedly, there was no precedent. To everyone's sur-

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prise, he got his open hearings—along with, however, a highly unusual decision on the committee's part to call witnesses prepared to testify against an applicant. According to one reporter who covered the open sessions, many committee members showed themselves to be openly hostile to Latimer, badgered him, asked him innumerable loaded questions, and unabashedly took cognizance of hearsay evidence.

Latimer was asked, among other things, about his alleged connections with Jake "Greasy Thumb" Guzik, the late Chicago syndicate boss—to whom, it seems, Latimer was once introduced. He was asked whether he did not "smell fraud" in a real estate deal in which another attorney was the principal (the same attorney was subsequently called as a witness against Latimer, and no committee member so much as intimated any connection on his part with the alleged fraud). A whole series of witnesses attacked Latimer's character and reputation. And since Latimer's were the first public hearings in the committee's history, no one can say to what extent these proceedings were irregular.

The "Privileged" List

Latimer denied the charges against him, and argued that "the Communist conspiracy would like nothing better" than to see his application fail. But a word is in order now about the composition of the committee.

Most members of the Fitness Committee, among others Chairman Stanford Clinton and Vice Chairman Jerome S. Weiss, are, notoriously, Liberals. But rank-and-file member Horace A. Young, for instance, is a conservative by reputation; and it was he who asked Latimer to prove his *bona fides* by giving the committee a list of the local lawyers whom Latimer knew to have been Communists. Latimer duly submitted such a list, naming fifty lawyers known to him as Communists. But if Young had intended to do Latimer a favor, it did not work out that way. The entire complexion of the hearings promptly changed. Why? Because Latimer's list included partners, associates or friends of several committee members and several hostile witnesses—among others, the names of partners in Weiss' own law firm. So the committee adjourned—to decide whether the list was to be admitted as evidence.

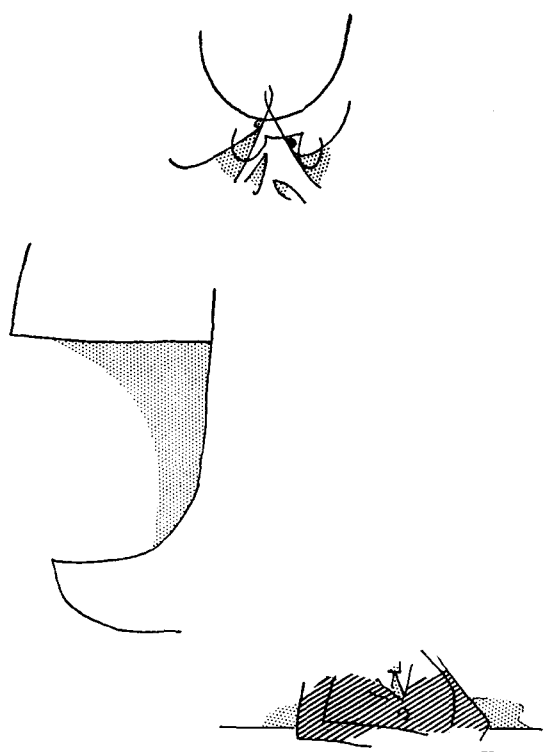
Latimer responded by petitioning the Illinois Supreme Court for a favorable ruling on the admissibility of his list and, while he was at it, for appointment of a new and unbiased fitness committee to handle his case. (The Court duly denied the petition, withholding comment.) And, next time around, Latimer added two new names to his list, namely: Clinton and Weiss. He admitted he had no personal knowledge of their Communist activities, but claimed he had in his possession reports from a private investigating agency which showed that Clinton had been a Party member and Weiss a Communist worker and speaker.

Clinton acted promptly: he called a committee meeting at which Latimer was present, handed Latimer's list back to him, declared it irrelevant and thus inadmissible as evidence, *and* informed the press that his ruling removed the list from the privileged record, that is, from the corpus of information that newspapers can print without fear of libel suits.

No newspaper—in Chicago or anywhere else—has printed Latimer's charges against Clinton and Weiss, or his list of fifty lawyers with Communist connections (which has become privileged). Both Clinton and Weiss vehemently denied Latimer's charges against them, both in private and to the committee, then disqualified themselves from further participation in the proceedings. A new committee chairman was appointed; hundreds of thousands of words of further testimony were heard; and on October 27 Latimer was declared unfit to practice law in Illinois.

Latimer intends to appeal his case to the Illinois Supreme Court—and, if unsuccessful there, to the United States Supreme Court. But it seems improbable that any court will stick its collective neck out by setting aside the committee's decision.

Whatever happens, the following questions remain: Why did it take more than two years to decide whether Latimer was to practice law? Was it, as Latimer charges, Communist influence that blocked his path to admission to the bar? One way to find out would be to investigate Latimer's list, and his subsequent pleadings. If he has no evidence to support his charges against his judges, he should be punished. But if he has evidence to support them—well, what do you think?



Kreuttner

"I said it before and I'll say it again: I hate Communism—especially when it gets me into trouble!"

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from WASHINGTON *straight*

A NEWSLETTER

SAM M. JONES

First Catch Your Rabbit

What will happen if the voters of Texas elect Republican Thad Hutcheson as Senator over a field of six Democrats in the April 2 election?

NATIONAL REVIEW is authoritatively informed that the Republicans will take control of the Senate. Hutcheson's election would mean a 48-48 division, and Vice President Nixon's vote would provide a GOP majority.

What are Hutcheson's chances? Reasonably good, despite the fact that some of his opponents are Eisenhower Democrats. Among the regular Democrats, Ralph Yarborough and Martin Dies are expected to cut up a large percentage of the party vote. A plurality of one vote could decide the election. Eisenhower has already endorsed Hutcheson. Some observers believe that a Presidential speech in the Lone Star State would cinch it for the Republican candidate, but others recall that White House interference in state elections has often proved anything but a blessing to the intended beneficiary.

What would happen if the GOP succeeded in organizing the Senate? Among the more important results would be the transfer of chairmanships of powerful committees. Styles Bridges is ranking member of both Appropriations and Armed Services; Homer Capehart would head the Banking and Currency Committee; Martin of Pennsylvania, Finance; Bricker of Ohio, Interstate and Foreign Commerce; Malone of Nevada, Interior and Insular Affairs; Carlson of Kansas, Post Office and Civil Service; Joe McCarthy, Government Operations. These Senators are anything but disciples of the New Republicanism, and the prospect of their return to power must seem a mixed blessing to the Administration, despite the fact that such loyal Eisenhowerites as Aiken of Vermont would head Agriculture; Saltonstall, Armed Services (if Bridges chooses Appropriations); Wiley of Wisconsin, Foreign Relations; and H. Alexander Smith of New Jersey, Labor and Public Welfare.

Call the Next Witness

Even a brief description of the congressional investigations in progress or in prospect would more than fill the space at my disposal. This does not, however, represent any departure from the norm. During the Truman regime there were scores if not hundreds of House and Senate probes, a few of major consequence and a large majority that fizzed briefly like firecrackers and then failed to go off. Nor did the Truman era herald the investigative age. The memory of the oldest reporter runneth not to the contrary. The crop of investigations, present or pending, includes oil, civil rights, labor rackets, foreign policy and immigration.

The Civil Rights hearings are just getting under way, with Rep. Cellar (N. Y.), a professional Civil Righter, as ringmaster of a House Judiciary subcommittee. There is abundant pressure for an immigration investigation. Senator Olin Johnston (S. C.) is determined that Congress shall set up standards for Post Office Department operations which will unmistakably reflect congressional "intent." The question of an increase in postal rates (favored by the Administration) makes this project a "natural" for a full-dress investigation.

The oil industry, which some years ago defended itself successfully against the New Deal-stacked "Monopoly Committee" (TNEC), is now getting tanker-loads of bad publicity from the former chairman of that committee, Senator O'Mahoney of Wyoming. Although Administration policy held a steady red light against oil for the relief of Western Europe for many weeks after the Suez crisis, the onus has been cleverly shifted from the White House and State Department to the industry, with the liberal help of Liberal newspapers.

As anticipated, the Senate bulldozed through the jurisdictional roadblock with which Labor bosses sought to derail the racket probe, by creating a select committee. The Labor wrecking crew succeeded only in transferring the investigation from a Government Operations subcommittee to a special committee: a frying-pan-to-fire operation. Senator McClellan remains in charge. Labor interests will be loyally represented by Senator McNamara, a former AFL official in Detroit. Other members include Kennedy (Mass.), Ervin (N. C.), Ives (N. Y.) and Mundt (S. D.). But that isn't all. Messrs. Joe McCarthy of Wisconsin and Barry Goldwater of Arizona will also be among the interrogators.

The AFL-CIO high command is attempting to clean house prior to public inspection under Senate spotlights. This effort is on the Herculean side, partly because the AFL-CIO merger has produced more friction than amity, and also because some union officials are splotched with an indelible ink which shows through whitewash. Then there is the uncooperative Dave Beck, whose defiance, if continued, will be a major headache to President George Meany even though it concentrates the heat on Beck [see editorial, p. 148].

It is unlikely that Fulbright, Humphrey and Morse will ever be remembered with such famous trios as Tinkers, Evers and Chance, but the three Senators will give the Administration a tough ball game in the upcoming investigation of Eisenhower-Dulles foreign policy. Humphrey and Morse are both experts at making headlines. But J. William Fulbright, known to some of his colleagues as the Arkansas Egghead, is the man to watch at bat and in the field. Rhodes Scholar Fulbright is best known as an all-out internationalist, but it was *his* year-long investigation that exposed intrigue and corruption in the RFC, including tentacles of influence that led into the President's office. Mr. Truman labeled the charges "asinine" but Mr. Fulbright made them stick.

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The Assault on Medicine

The criterion of medical care, says a well-known physician, is excellence. But ambitious politicians would make it equality—under state control

ROBERT J. NEEDLES, M.D.

The medical profession represents a blend in which tradition, faith and reason have always been given precedence over politics. We doctors are suspicious of those who would meddle with it—on the grounds that it has been carefully wrought, and improves with age and experience.

We had thought, until recently, that we were doing a good job. People are living longer; the death rate is decreasing; and new and even wonderful treatments have been developed. More and better doctors are being graduated. The ill do not always recover, and when they do, recovery is not always complete; but the chances on both fronts are better than they used to be. And while the cost of medical care may seem to have risen somewhat, we are, given the excellence of our present procedures, almost certainly delivering more, not less, service per dollar of receipts.

Our generation chooses to forget the scrap heaps and septic tanks that mark mankind's losses from evil and disastrous experiments in building a leviathan state. Thick blankets of foliage cover the pikestaffs and guillotines, which rust with the bones of silenced human witnesses. The bacteria of time work their way through the clotted offal of fanatic error, and the septic tanks lose their horrid stench. Divine prescience has allowed us to remember pleasure more vividly than agony, violence and terror. Those who are ignorant of historical wisdom would leave us no alternative but to retrace the stumbling, fumbling efforts of those who have preceded us.

The trouble with present-day medical care is not to be found in the quality or numbers or distribution of doctors. The trouble does not lie with the doctors' methods. At the basis of the difficulties there is only one error, namely: the appropriation, by politicians, of a fundamental area of human emotion, for use as a platform from which they may launch their campaigns for the further subjugation of our citizens.

Wherever the central government has headed toward paternalism, medical care has been one of its early targets—and one of the easiest to rationalize. People are suffering, and it is not difficult to generate frenzy where suffering is concerned. But what begins as understandable, if misguided, compassion before long becomes manipulation of public opinion or subservience to public whims.

Doctors are familiar with the sad, omnipresent yearning for complete happiness. It is a matter of daily occurrence in the lives of our patients. We are familiar with grief, loneliness, and the aimless boredom that follow illness or death. We have no material solution for these problems, and we venture to think that no solution is available by Act of Congress.

Continuing excellence in medical care depends upon inequality. Doctors are forced to excel, first, because without such excellence they cannot even be admitted to a medical school. Again, they must excel or they will fail of graduation. In their years as interns, they must excel again, for those selected to remain for further postgraduate training in hospitals are picked from among the better interns. The doctor, should he desire to remain in medical school work, must excel as a teacher or research man. When he gets into practice, he must excel or do without patients.

We may, therefore, draw a curve of excellence on which we may place each member of the profession—among the few at one end, who are outstanding, or among the majority who constitute the ascent and decrease of the curve. Such a curve may of course be drawn for any group or any talent, trait, or quality of men, dogs, ball bearings, or hush-puppies. Such variation is the product of divine creation; doctors cannot reverse it, nor may it be reversed by law or decree.

The Terrible Simplifiers

Medical care was never a simple matter. And it is less simple today than formerly, when a doctor could carry most of his equipment in his saddle-bag. But terrible simplifiers seize upon illness, exploiting false comparisons—for example, medical care with public housing, or with the subsidization of agriculture. They build a creaking edifice of official pity on a foundation of human misery. They promise, in return for your vote, to eliminate human misery.

Medical care leads, finally and unavoidably, to a problem that can be solved by two and only two individuals, namely: the sick person and the physician. Whenever a third party enters the relation, he becomes an object of suspicion and distracts attention from the business in hand. And when that third party is a vast and powerful national government, beginning to act like a mother-in-law about to settle down for a long visit, there is genuine reason for alarm.

For it is a tempting thing, this great pool of voters, no one of whom is happy either with his illness or the size of his medical bill. Few of them—some 200,000 at most—are doctors; and most politicians yield automatically to the temptation to shed tears in trade for the votes of the remainder. The minority, the politicians intimate, is operating in selfish disregard of the needs of the majority. And the solution offered, oddly enough, is new laws and appropriations of money. The demonstrable ineptitude of government operations in general is ignored—in favor of questioning the character and ability of the minority. The majority is en-

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couraged to believe that physicians are heartless mountebanks, and candidates for office just lower than the angels.

The need in question cannot be demonstrated by means of figures: On the contrary, the figures refute the alleged necessity for such interference. Appeal is made, therefore, to sheer emotion, by playing upon the symbols of sickness and death. Medical care is equated with merchandising operations. But merchandise varies greatly in quality, and prices vary with the customer's ability to pay and his selection of quality.

Now, in spite of a ruthless selective process in the education of physicians, which promotes inequality among them, those who survive it are pledged to make their performance as equal in quality as humanly possible. They strive, by work and study, to further its excellence, and by deep professional instinct shy away from the idea that the standard of medical care should be lowered to a static equality in order to equalize its cost. Medical care, in a word, has always been based upon the idea of excellence, without specific regard to the cost to the patient.

Moreover, if physicians began to sell medical care like furniture, the resulting dangers would be breathtaking. The furniture salesman does not press the customer to buy the divan he cannot pay for; and presumably the furniture salesman type of physician would not urge any operation or examination beyond the patient's means. As matters now stand, some of the finest medical care available is provided in charity wards of the great teaching hospitals; and every physician in private practice has some patients who pay him no money. In such cases, his is a spiritual compensation, difficult to enter in a ledger.

Doctors, I repeat, do not offer merchandise of graded quality. They offer only one quality—each of them the best of which he is capable. And fees differ from doctor to doctor because no other arrangement would make sense. Standardization of fees, whether by government or by insurance tables, would involve the presupposition that one doctor's services are equal to another's, which would be the case only if all were of the same degree of excellence.

When one buys ordinary insurance, one pays a certain premium, which is based upon actuarial data, and receives in return a guarantee of a certain benefit, payable in dollars. Health insurance cannot be different, because it also must be sold for a certain premium, based upon actuarial data, and must be payable in dollars.

To date most insurance intended to cover the cost of medical care, as distinct from the cost of hospitalization, has been limited to surgical procedures, and for good reason. It is easier, at least on the face of it, to equate one appendectomy to another than to equate one treatment for bursitis to another. It is likewise easy to set a flat fee for a hospital visit, presuming it to be the equal of all other hospital visits. But in general the assumption of equality is an outrageous avoidance of the truth.

Surgical procedures and hospital visits do not form the bulk of medical practice. The bulk of medical practice is a person-to-person affair, with a physician using every power at his command to alter or eradicate the patient's difficulty, or minimize its impact upon the patient's life; and flat fees that would at the same time be just are out of the question.

To a patient, his doctor is the best—if not in the world, at least the best available. And if the patient did not think so, he would, and should, find another doctor. Doctors need the confidence and cooperation of their patients even more than they need magic bullets. If all the drugs in the world were wiped out tomorrow, the physician would still be a valuable citizen.

Inequality among doctors, then, is compounded by education, by experience, and by the necessity to augment the excellence of the treatment offered, partly, of course, with an eye to reputation. How equalize reputation?

The older we get, and the more we study, the greater becomes our judgment—and our humility. If mediocrity is to be cherished, if human illness is to be approached by the pedestrian equalitarianism of all government projects, we have surely lost our case.

Moreover, if you conceive doctors to be equal, then surely it is only accurate to assume that your own children are no better and no worse than other children. If we actually believe in equality, then we must go all the way. Inequality in the promotion of equality would defeat the purposes of equality.

No Day of Jubilee

Our profound and increasing appreciation of the complexity of life should itself put us on guard against submitting ourselves and our patients to an ever-increasing stack of inflexible rules. No patient asks for illness, or enjoys it; and no patient enjoys paying for his illness. Perhaps the result of his treatment is unsatisfactory to him. If so, you may be sure that it is not satisfactory to the doctor either.

If your doctors are not as good as you would wish, you may also be assured that they are not as good as they would wish. We doctors have only one unchanging hatred. That hatred, and revulsion, is for the simple-minded, arrogant and loud-mouthed political candidates who for cynical or soft-headed reasons would make of this proud, humble, unequal and imperfect body of men an animated stairway for their ascent to a tax-paid immortality.

"Men," said Thomas Browne, a physician of seventeenth century England, "that look no farther than their outsides, think health an appurtenance unto life, and quarrel with their constitutions for being sick; but I, that have examined the parts of man, and know upon what tender filaments that Fabric hangs, do wonder that we are not always so; . . ." He also said, in answer to those who moan "How long, oh Lord, how long?", that "the answer to this question will only come on that day of Jubilee which will reconcile the unanswerable doubts that torment the wisest understanding, and which has power to make us honest in the dark, and to be verteuous without a witness."

Our peril as a nation, and our individual peril as patients and physicians, is not that physicians will give inadequate care to those who are ill. The true peril is from false teachers who would persuade us that the day of Jubilee, when individuals are "honest in the dark, and verteuous without a witness," may be mass-produced, by vote of the majority, on earth, and no later than tomorrow morning.

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THE LAW OF THE LAND

C. DICKERMAN WILLIAMS

Republican or Feudal?

In the January 26, 1957 issue of the *Saturday Review,* Mr. F. R. Cowell, British classicist and Foreign Office official, discusses "A Republic and its Natural Diseases: Who (or What) Killed Roman Freedom?" Mr. Cowell analyzes the American scene in the light of Roman history, with a view to determining the dangers in our country to the republican form of government. The only specific phenomenon departing from the republican tradition turns out to be the government security program. Referring to it, he writes in part: "The courts were bypassed; innocent people lost their jobs."

This comment suggests that Mr. Cowell not only misunderstands Government employee dismissal procedures but regards as republican a form of employer-employee relationship that historically has been not republican but feudal. Mr. Cowell's comment seems to imply that Government employee dismissals had been a matter of judicial adjudication until the security program otherwise provided. Such is not the case. The basic statute on Government civilian employee removal continued under the security program to be what it had been for many years, *viz.,* Section 652 of Title 5 of the United States Code. This Section authorizes removal for such cause "as will promote the efficiency of the service and for reasons given in writing; . . . no examination of witnesses nor any trial or hearing shall be required except in the discretion of the officer making the removal."

Section 652 was enacted by Congress in 1912 at the behest of Senator Robert M. La Follette, Sr., at a time when he was championing federal employees against alleged unkindnesses on the part of the Taft Administration. The Section put into statutory form an executive order issued by President McKinley on July 27, 1897. Previously employee removals had been at the pleasure of the supervisory officer. For decades this authority of removal at pleasure had been used sweepingly at the beginning of each new Administration. President Andrew Jackson originated and most ruthlessly employed this policy. In his biography of that President, Professor Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., defends Jackson's course on the ground that such removals helped "restore faith in the government."

As for the courts, they have throughout the security program done what they have always done, that is, adjudicate the procedures, as distinguished from the merits, of employee dismissals.

If by the statement "innocent people lost their jobs" Mr. Cowell means that many people were dismissed who had not been guilty of any criminal offense, he is undoubtedly correct. On the other hand, not more than the merest handful were dismissed who had not, rightly or wrongly, lost the confidence of their superiors. Dismissal following such a loss of confidence has always been a characteristic of employer-employee relationships in a free economy.

Mr. Cowell's concept of a job as providing a status to be forfeited only upon conviction of criminal offense applies to a feudal rather than a republican society. Historically the concept is derived from Rome. At the time Rome changed from the republican to the monarchical form of government, jobs and occupations were becoming fixed. The process was completed under the Empire. Workers were organized into occupational guilds in which they remained for their entire lives, unless punished for some crime. Eventually occupations even became hereditary. The son of a baker, for instance, necessarily became a baker himself.

The closest analogy in our present society is the career officer in the armed services. He is entitled to continued employment unless found guilty of specific misconduct by a court-martial after a hearing at which evidence is taken. But this principle has never been applied to civilian employees.

This form of social organization endured from the time of Rome through the feudal era until the capitalistic *laissez faire* began in Western Europe in the seventeenth century. The change in social relationships that then took place was described as "from status to contract" in an expression that found wide acceptance by legal scholars. The author of this phrase, Sir Henry Maine, was born in 1822 and died in 1888. Maine was Regius Professor of Civil Law at Cambridge and wrote widely on legal history. Describing the change in social and employment relationships that had taken place in Great Britain as feudalism declined and capitalism developed, to the middle of the nineteenth century, he summarized that change as "from status to contract." Whereas in feudal society a man was bound to a certain employment from which he could not be removed, in the society of the mid-nineteenth century his work was by contract. And contract of course implied that the employer had a right of dismissal at his pleasure (except as he might limit it) and the employee an arbitrary right to leave his work when dissatisfied.

Today we see on every hand a contrary tendency, that is, a tendency to treat employment as a matter of status. People go into the service of large organizations and expect to remain there unless found guilty of some heinous deed. And as employment becomes more static and less fluid, the loss of a job becomes more serious to the employee—a fact which tends to accentuate the status concept. Curiously, Government civilian employment has retained its fluidity to a much greater degree than private employment, especially employment by large corporations.

So far the change from contract to status has been largely one of point of view, of atmosphere, rather than of law. Mr. Cowell's article is an interesting illustration of that new point of view, but he conceives employment in a way that historically has characterized a monarchical rather than a republican form of government. And it was the development of that concept that, if it did not kill Roman freedom, was contemporaneous with its death.

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Letter from the Continent

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

Europe—West and East

American feeling that Europe is doing nothing to help itself is usually justified—but not always. Recently I received a letter from an American friend who claimed that no country in the world was doing as much for the Hungarian refugees as the United States—a statement which I am in a position to contradict. In terms of actual expenditures in dollars and cents, the United States occupies second place. But in the light of per capita income and per capita contributions, "God's Own Country" is much further down the line.

In comparing the American and the Austrian efforts, I find myself, as an Austrian, in a rather awkward situation. If I deal with this question at all it is merely to show that Europe is not quite as irresponsible as it so often seems from a long distance.

Looking at the expenses of the Austrian Federal Government (which has received no ERP aid for the last three years), we find that up to December 31, funds used for the refugee program amounted to $8.6 million (estimate to January 31, $12 million). To this sum must be added about $4 million contributed by the governments of the Federated States and the communities. The Austrian Catholic Charity Organization ("Caritas") has provided $3 million up to January 15. In addition, the Federal Government has a Special Aid Chest which has distributed money and goods worth $2.5 million, of which something like 40 per cent, however, came from foreign countries. The gifts donated by private persons (meals, housing, clothes, books, etc.) are almost impossible to estimate. (The number of refugees taken into private homes is legion.) By the time this Letter goes to press one can, without exaggeration, speak about a total Austrian contribution of $21 million, or $3.00 for each citizen (two days wages of an unskilled worker).

The direct American contribution for Hungarian refugees in Austria is $500,000; The greater part of the million-odd ICEM dollars is also American. Then there is a camp with 5,000 inmates which, in the past two months, has been maintained entirely by American funds (expenses are about $280,000). To all this must be added the airlift, and various other American camps; but all in all the grand total hardly runs over $14 million, or 80 cents per American citizen (half an hour of unskilled labor).

In willingness to accept refugees as permanent settlers, France, Great Britain, Canada, and Australia lead, since they have agreed to take an unlimited number. The Austrians will incorporate 30,000 refugees, or one for every 230 citizens; the United States (so far) 21,500, or one for every 7,900 citizens. The West Germans, who took in 11 million DP's in 1945-1948 have, so far, acepted 16,000 Hungarians. Tiny Switzerland has crammed 10,000 into its Confederacy; Holland and Belgium, both overpopulated, have taken 5,000 and 3,000 respectively. The American ratio is about as large as that of Italy (4,000 refugees), but Italy is terribly overcrowded and has a permanent unemployment rate of about two million.

I am by no means an advocate of Hungarian mass-migration to the United States or other overseas countries, and I think (in agreement with truly thoughtful Hungarians) that the refugees should not be "incorporated" or "assimilated," but organized into coherent groups and re-educated in anticipation of a time when they may serve as a real bridge between a liberated Hungary and the Free West, and as leaders of a nation which will have enormous psychological difficulties in adapting itself to true freedom. For this purpose it would be better if the most politically mature elements, at least, were kept in Europe, not too far from their own country, and—with American and other help—organized into a compact entity ready for action.

Such efforts are all the more necessary in view of the terrible vacuum to the East. If the Soviet Union crumbles, the frightening nihilism behind a defunct ideology will become apparent and the filling of this void with a new or old faith will be necessary.

The emptiness behind the Red façade is confirmed by a Dutch scholar who recently visited the Soviet Union. He told me how surprised he was to be able to walk into practically every nook and corner of the Kremlin without being molested, whereas in Leningrad he had had considerable trouble in getting into the lecture halls of the university, which by Continental usage should be accessible to everybody. There were uniformed policemen in the corridors, and again and again he was asked to show his papers. Yet he succeeded in attending the lecture of a professor he had met at an international congress abroad, where the Russian had proved to be a fanatical propagandist. He made no such efforts in Leningrad University, but dealt with his subject matter as a competent and objective scholar. The Dutchman voiced surprise at this "moderation" in view of his violent tirades abroad. Whereupon the professor merely inquired how long his guest had been in the Soviet Union. "Only ten days? Oh well, then you're still a freshman in these matters."

The Dutch professor was invited to the home of his Russian colleague for a social gathering at which he met a number of Red Army officers. On world affairs they were anti-American and spoke about Washington's "imperialism." But when the conversation turned to ideology, nobody wanted to be called a Communist. Indeed, one of them took as an insult to his intelligence the mere hint that he could be a Marxist.

All of which means that Franco was not talking through his hat when he insinuated in his last anti-Communist speech that the West should approach the new Russian upper class in a more constructive and intelligent way. Since the Generalissimo is geting home from the Soviet Union another large batch of (formerly "Red") Spaniards with their families, he seems to have practical insights which are apparently lacking in the more liberal and democratic Western camp.

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Academic Intolerance

The faculty committee for public lectures, at a famous Midwestern university, some months ago was deliberating as to what scholars should be invited to speak at their university during the next year. Someone suggested Professor Sidney Hook, of New York University. "What!" cried a dean. "That Fascist reactionary?" Dr. Hook was not invited.

Now Dr. Sidney Hook, as all the world ought to know by this time, is a Marxist in politics and a disciple of John Dewey in most other things. He is also, indubitably—as I have written elsewhere, I do not pretend to be able to account for this insane conjunction—a liberal democrat, an untiring opponent of Russian Communism, and a very able scholar. He is a practiced speaker and a clever writer. But he has the misfortune to be opposed to Communism, at home and abroad; so the Midwestern university did not want to hear him.

I do not suppose Mr. Hook knows of this incident. He does know, however, of similar incidents, related in his *Heresy, Yes—Conspiracy, No.* One professor, for instance, informed his students that Burke was a Fascist—and Professor Hook was too, according to another professor.

In these latter incidents, Professor Hook's teachers presumably were Communists; in the former, the Midwestern dean was not a Communist but rather one of that breed Mr. Hook calls "ritualistic liberals." The dean would not go so far as to say that the Communists are right; he would only say that anyone who opposes Communists must be a Fascist. There's moderation for you.

Another tidbit: at a state college in northern Michigan, a German-born instructor was summarily discharged because someone alleged that he had once been a member of the Nazi Party. Whether he actually had been a Nazi or not, I do not know; and apparently no one bothered very much to inquire; the label was sufficient ground. A week or two later, at a large university in Michigan, a solemn faculty group was deliberating upon the inviolable right of any scholar to teach anything anywhere, regardless of his political opinions and associations. "Now what about this fellow up north, that German?" some innocent at the meeting inquired. Up rose a woman professor, ingenuous and decided. "Well, we certainly aren't going to defend *him*," she declared. "He's a Nazi." Embarrassed silence; awkward cough from the chairman; discussion steered to another topic.

Something else: no less obscure a person than your servant is supposed, in certain quarters, to be a member of a Wicked Triumvirate intent upon putting young conservative scholars into departments of history. This would be a most shameful thing to do, for—as anyone knows who attends meetings of the American Historical Association and the Mississippi Valley Historical Association—history departments are the rightful preserve of ritualistic liberals. I get my information from a youthful Ph.D. who applied for certain positions. (Eventually he did get one.) The wretches who made up this cabal are known to be Professor Daniel Boorstin, at the University of Chicago; Professor Peter Viereck, at Mount Holyoke; and your present writer. It is a most curious conspiracy. For one thing, at the time it was said to be active, Mr. Viereck was somewhere in Italy, Mr. Boorstin was busy editing an historical series, and Mr. Kirk was not a professor at all. For another, Mr. Kirk never has set eyes on Mr. Viereck, and is not an admirer of Mr. Viereck's prose works; while Mr. Boorstin and Mr. Kirk then were engaged in a running debate, over the face of the nation, on certain grave questions of history and politics. The terror of these dread names, however, seems to have been sufficient to cause sleepness nights among ritualistic liberals.

And yet more. A young and successful lawyer decided to take up graduate work in history, for his heart's ease. He began looking about for universities at which to study, and presently stopped at Harvard, where he was interviewed by a Young Lion of the history department (not, I hasten to add, the younger Mr. Schlesinger—nor the elder). The lawyer made it fairly clear that he inclined to certain conservative views of society and history. "Why did you come to Harvard?" the Young Lion inquired, coldly. The lawyer said that he had admired the work of Professor Crane Brinton, and had thought he might study under his supervision. "Not all of us here think highly of Mr. Brinton," said the Young Lion indignantly. He added that the lawyer had best apply to some other graduate school.

Professor Brinton, of course, is a famous and moderate historical scholar, the author of several very influential books. His reputation was not sufficient to save him from the calumny of his colleague, for Dr. Brinton did not have the prudence to look always Leftward.

Moral: Everybody talks about Heaven ain't gwine there. As Professor Hook repeatedly points out, the chief benefit of academic freedom, and the chief original aim of the American Association of University Professors, is the maintenance and advancement of a high standard of professional ethics. The Communists have forfeited the right to academic freedom because they talk ill of their colleagues on principle, out of fanatic attachment to ideology, and so undermine ethical standards in their profession. The ritualistic liberals are doing their best, in many institutions, to forfeit their own right to academic freedom, out of a fantastic attachment to a highly intolerant abstract toleration. "No enemies to the Left," they mutter, echoing the fatuous slogan of the radicals in the French Chamber of Deputies. A Communist, who would tolerate no one, is the beneficiary of their tender solicitude for toleration; but a conservative, or an old-fashioned liberal or a candid social democrat like Professor Hook, must be an obscurant, an anti-intellectual, an enemy of Progress. Let him be anathema.

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ARTS and MANNERS

WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM

That Surfeit of Corruption

This year's dramatic export from France to the United States is apparently an attempt at getting even with Dulles—and foreign trade has not been so cruelly employed since the Opium War. True, there is nothing the French can do if we order their army, just like that, to kiss the French Empire goodbye. But they can hit us hard—*revanche pour Port Said!*—when, after the day's work of treachery is done, we want to relax at a typical French bedroom farce. The bedroom is there all right, and the farce may be typically French, but while the innocent American merely expects to be morally offended, he gets, unawares, his philosophical backbone fractured. As I said, easily the most ruthless corruption of natives, by clever tradespeople, since the Opium War.

The scheme can be studied at the current production of *The Waltz of the Toreadors*, by Jean Anouilh. It's a splendid production, with Sir Ralph Richardson and Miss Mildred Natwick giving two definitive lessons in acting. But, though I am a rather reserved admirer of the French bedroom farce, I left the Coronet Theater with frantic nostalgia for *Occupe toi d'Amélie*, that venerable matrix for all later stage lewdness. And before I explain my preference, I want to stop for a heart-to-heart talk with some of our readers.

Each time NATIONAL REVIEW calls an obscenity an obscenity, several subscribers confess alarm—not so much at the obscenity as at its identification. NATIONAL REVIEW, we are happy to note, is considered a family magazine and, we are less happy to report, some of our readers contend that a family magazine must not notice obscenities. Our readers, we like to think, are raising lovely daughters, by the thousands, in the face of a preponderantly filthy social climate. But unless their parents tutor them in tightly locked homes, these young ladies learn all there is to know about the meaning of Elvis Presley from television, from the advertisements in plush family magazines, from the greasy dishwater that drips from the omnipresent jukeboxes, and from all the other daily exposures to mass civilization.

Still, there are, thank God, various ways of immunizing young souls against the filth, the insane sex obsession, the commercialized perversities of our despicable social environment. The only hopeless approach is to act as if they weren't there or, if you just ignore them, will go away. On the contrary, it is the noblest obligation of social and cultural criticism to reduce the phony magic of the calculated tease to its laughable essence. Call the sex swindle by name, and you call its bluff! For nothing deflates the over-advertised kick so fast as honest laughter. Rather than behave as if he weren't there, I would teach my young daughter to see in Mr. Presley the ridiculous and pathetic bore he is.

NATIONAL REVIEW, in short, will continue to call smut smut precisely because this is a family magazine. In particular, I hope every young lady within the reach of NATIONAL REVIEW reads my outspoken theater criticism because, if I remember correctly what young ladies are made of, nothing in a girl's soul is stronger than her urge to imitate theatrical glamor. And if I occasionally succeeded in showing her how ludicrous and how unattractive Mr. Tennessee Williams' damaged heroines really are, we would all be very much happier.

At any rate, I have to deal with the theatrical season as it develops. And this is, so far, the full list of all the new productions of 1956-57:

A Clearing in the Woods—the self-analysis of a sex-scared girl, with Oedipus complex and all.

Auntie Mame— a musical tribute to an extrovert lady-screwball.

Bells Are Ringing—sex on the switchboard.

Eugenia—sex reduced to Miss Bankhead's simplicity.

Happy Hunting—sex reduced to Miss Merman's simplicity.

Li'l Abner—sex in the nude and crude.

Long Day's Journey—Mr. Eugene O'Neill in the nude and crude.

Separate Tables—sex *à l'Anglais*.

The Hidden River—another rehash of French *résistance* blues.

The Reluctant Debutante—the mating habits of Britain's middle class.

The Waltz of the Toreadors—sex without any fun at all.

I shall return in a minute to that *Waltz of the Toreadors*, truly a *danse macabre*, but let us first summarize this alphabetically ordered list: Of the season's eleven new productions still (as of this moment) peddled on Broadway, nine are about sex—sex not so pure as simple. Surely, those among us who have loved wisely and well will have no doubt that it is being criminally oversold. Even if sex were indeed the sole meaning of human existence (and the sexually happy know it is *not*), a stage *that* redundant must atrophy.

The Waltz of the Toreadors proves that this is exactly what happens. Monsieur Anouilh, whose limited talent has the tremendous advantage of articulating in French, and therefore intelligently, has gone to the bottom of the barrel: the plot of his play is the self-deflating proposition that no human creature is capable or worthy of love.

It is precisely here that I felt nostalgia for *Occupe toi d'Amélie*. That smutty old farce at least proceeds on the supposition that sex is one hell of a viable pleasure; while Monsieur Anouilh yawns at the wretched fuss. And if there is one thing even worse than a filthy story that's funny, it's one that is not. I honestly cannot conceive of anybody who attends *The Waltz of the Toreadors* coveting any of the dancers. They perform the motions of the ancient pursuit with a total absence of either hunger or temptation. The bedroom of this chilly farce is right next to a morgue.

This, of course, is the unavoidable end of a journey into tepid nothingness. To be sure, New York's audiences are very provincial, and so they think it sophisticated to applaud a genuine Parisian farce. But even the Bronx is bound to grow up. And when that happens, the French dramatic exporters will have to return to the standards of, at least, *Amélie*.

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

Mr. Krutch Regains Consciousness

WARREN L. FLEISCHAUER

Ludwig Lewisohn once declared that the two most "significant" critical documents in a quarter-century of American literature were Paul Elmer More's *Shelburne Essays* and Joseph Wood Krutch's *The Modern Temper* (first published in 1929, now reissued, also in paper-back, 95 cents, by Grosset's Universal Library).

The Modern Temper was a prose *Wasteland,* a tale which out-Poed Poe for sheer inhuman horror and intellectual terror: between intellectual assent and desire fell the shadow of man's dark knowledge of himself and the universe. In such a situation, his position could have been tragically Promethean, could he have maintained "the tragic fallacy," the illusion that tragedy could exist. But his loss of faith in himself deprived him even of this consolatory dignity. Mr. Zero, who remembered, despite himself, that he had once had the illusion of being human, was now prepared to die:

"If death for us and our kind is the inevitable result of our stubbornness, then we can only say, 'So be it.' Ours is a lost cause and there is no place for us in the natural universe, but we are not . . . sorry to be human. We should rather die as men than live as animals."

So *The Modern Temper* concluded: and if it lacked faith it had at least the bluster of bravado. Did it have more? Was Mr. Krutch's headpiece stuffed with something more than straw?

For twenty-five years Krutch sought the answers to these questions, and *The Measure of Man* (published in 1954) attempts to articulate his solutions. There, less bombastically, he restates the crux of *The Modern Temper* in the "simplest terms . . . man's ingenuity has outrun his intelligence." To this impasse has led "The Grand Strategy" of nineteenth-century thought, which had "as its aim the destruction of man's former belief in his own autonomy" and which stemmed from the Hobbesian-Cartesian conception of man as a machine. To this notion the eighteenth century temporarily opposed its own "substitute for God, Nature," but after "Nature" the deluge or, more aptly, "The Grand Strategy," marshalled by Darwin, Marx and Freud. Their theories, "not directly connected with one another," arrive at the same end, "that we neither can nor need to do much of anything for ourselves," thus creating a climate of opinion in which man regards himself as a mere automaton, sustained only by "philosophies of exculpation" now exercising their influence upon "educators, sociologists, and law-makers."

In *The Modern Temper,* Krutch had already canvassed the possibilities of escape into metaphysics and even into pragmatism. There he had also rejected the offer of "the more thoroughgoing sort of scientist" who has "sometimes predicted that the time would come when the world of the human mind would be precisely the world of the laboratory and nothing more."

The Measure of Man accurately traces the final logical thrust of scientism: "Since man is part of nature, he also should be subject to control and no more should be necessary to make him so than easy extensions of the methods already successfully applied." Even worse, the offer to implement this logic comes from no fictional "World Controller," but rather from Mr. B. F. Skinner, Professor of Psychology, Harvard, "one of the most able and esteemed leaders in his field" and the author of *Walden Two,* a sociological "fantasy" of "a utopian community created by an experimental psychologist named Frazier, who has learned the techniques for controlling thought with precision and who has conditioned his subjects to be happy, obedient, and incapable of anti-social behavior."

In *The Modern Temper* Krutch had acknowledged that "a metaphysical foundation . . . is . . . the most substantial possible to modern man"; but there he had objected that "a skepticism pointing to the past for its confirmation whispers to us that metaphysics may be . . . only the art of being sure of something that is not so." In the later book, he is "thrown back upon the metaphysical question whether legitimate value judgments really are possible and whether, if they are not, dispensing with them necessarily opens the way to possibilities which seem . . . no less revolting than disastrous."

Krutch foregoes the answers until he can establish the possibility of a "Minimal Man" who can make real, not merely illusory, value judgments and who would therefore have "the *minimal* powers and characteristics one would have to possess to be worthy of the designation of Man." Is there such a creature? To this hypothetical question, Krutch delivers the hypothetical answer, imagining a being in whom "'reasoning' is not always rationalization; . . . consciousness . . . more than merely an epiphenomenon accompanying behavior; and 'value judgments' . . . are not absolutely . . . what we have been conditioned to accept."

"The stubborn fact of consciousness" and the recovery of consciousness is the pivotal point of *The Measure of Man.* And how does Mr. Krutch emerge from his coma? Simply by a direct appeal to intuition: "All we really need to do is to recognize and attend to phenomena of a different sort and among them . . . the most

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indubitable of all, namely: to that consciousness and awareness of self which exist vividly and indisputably in each of us, even though attempts to explain or evaluate them baffle the laboratory technician."

Can it be that Mr. Krutch, in all his Prufrockean antics, begins to sound vaguely like Paul Elmer More? It can be and is. For example, Krutch advances a democratic faith which has dignity and which is based upon man's capacities as well as his rights. Further, he acknowledges philosophies which can determine what men believe to be their needs, as opposed to ideologies merely gut-driven. He reasserts the virtues of patriotism, honor, and love; and, finally, the necessity for the continuation of "that Moral Discourse which has gone on in Western Civilization uninterruptedly for at least three thousand years" and which is the record of man's consciousness.

By this Krutch means philosophy and ethics, as well as "all the great novels and poems and plays" that "take place in a universe which cannot be understood in 'objective terms.'" No longer does he pose the question of *The Modern Temper*: "What is it that made the classics irrelevant . . . to us?" In terms reminiscent of More's *New Shelburne Essays*, Krutch dismisses the whole corpus of contemporary literature stemming from Zolaesque positivism as having no present function, "except perhaps the very elementary one of presenting the sociologists' and the psychologists' material in a form palatable to those who have not sufficient seriousness of mind or sufficient capacity for sustained attention to read genuinely scientific works." Equally irrelevant he finds those other contemporary writers who seek "for the meaningful only in the universe of dreams, nightmares . . . and compulsions . . . as though the only escape from the logic of materialism were an escape into some kind of insanity."

Is there any hope? Just recovered from his own shock, Mr. Krutch understandably offers little for society at large in his concluding chapter, "It May Not Be Too Late." The most that he can urge is that individually we cultivate and explore the area and experience of the consciousness. As long ago as 1908, Irving Babbitt and Paul Elmer More were exhorting contemporaries to do exactly what Mr. Krutch suggested in 1954, before he wandered off to Arizona to look at flora and fauna—not to seek communion with his God in these majestic wastes, as did the Desert Fathers of long, long ago, but to chronicle the ways of the lizard, the habitat of the cacti. This, too, is wasteland; but at least it is not so barren as the aridity of *The Modern Temper*.

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The Face of Love

Till We Have Faces, by C. S. Lewis. 313 pp. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. $4.50

The Descent of the Dove, by Charles Williams. With an Introduction by W. H. Auden. 240 pp. New York: Meridian Books. $1.25

In all of its previous versions, the story of Psyche and Cupid has been, like the stories of Eve and Pandora, about a lack of faith. Wooed by Cupid and installed in a shining palace, Psyche was warned that she must never try to look at her husband's face. Since he came only at night, this was not difficult, and Psyche was the happiest girl in the world. But her sisters were jealous, and at their goading, she lit a candle one night. Dazzled by what she saw, she did not notice a drop of hot wax drop onto her sleeping god's arm. It awakened him, and for her punishment, Psyche was banished to a life of desolate wandering until the gods finally forgave her.

The version which C. S. Lewis' new novel offers is not only about a lack of faith, but an abuse of love. Psyche's sister, Orual, is not at all jealous. On the contrary, she loves Psyche with all her heart. But when she visits what Psyche rapturously describes as her castle, she sees only a rocky mountain top. Psyche, she realizes, is out of her mind, and the secret lover is only a vicious woodsman who is taking advantage of a demented girl. It is in a desperate attempt to shock Psyche back into her sanity that Orual urges her to light her candle, and when a horrified Psyche runs away into the night and is never seen again, Orual's life is ruined. It is here that Mr. Lewis' story really begins.

For what he is trying to reveal is the very immature and ego-prone nature of most of the feelings which we call love. Orual spends the rest of her life in stony, resentful grief, but what absorbs her is actually her own suffering, her own bafflement, her own need. She is serving herself, not her beloved, but because her suffering is genuine, she is finally vouchsafed the truth: to love is not a chance to possess someone else, but to be dispossessed of oneself. The true face of each of us is not the face we are born with, but whatever other face our soul has loved enough to serve with disinterest. For every human creature a face is waiting, and whenever this face is claimed, the act which Charles Williams called "coinherence" is realized. But as Mr. Lewis' epigraph reminds us, "love is too young to know what conscience is," and most of us therefore go through life like Orual, wearing a veil of self-absorption.

Because this sort of summary, so coarsely didactic, reduces a very subtle insight to near-homily, I would like to recommend, to anyone who is moved by Mr. Lewis' novel, an inexpensive reprint of Charles Williams' *The Descent of the Dove*, in which the same ramifying vision is disclosed in terms of, not a myth, but a chronological history of the Holy Ghost on the earth from 30 A.D. to the outbreak of World War II. Though it is a very short book, I have been reading it since 1950, and I am still not finished. If this makes it sound ponderous, I shall have betrayed one of the most incisive ex-

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periences with a book I have ever known. For here, as in Charles Williams' other writings (which include novels, biography, verse, and literary exegesis), I believe literature has reached the highest altitude from which a Christian soul with a poet's mind has yet tried to understand and justify man's way toward God.

ROBERT PHELPS

Airline Anecdotes

Under My Wings, by Captain Basil L. Rowe. 256 pp. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. $4.00

According to an old cowpasture airport saw, "there are old pilots, and there are bold pilots, but there are no old, bold pilots." Captain Rowe's story refutes not only this maxim but every actuarial table ever devised by the insurance companies. After 35,000 air hours and six million miles—more, asserts the dust-jacket blurb, than any other human being—this aviation pioneer has retired as Chief Pilot of Pan American Airways, and is now afraid to ride in an automobile in Miami traffic because of the danger.

Captain Rowe has actually survived three careers: barnstorming stunt flier, conservative commercial airline pilot, and wartime officer in the Air Transport Command where the long shot risks were obligatory. He seems to have come out of it all with no worse casualties than thousands of mosquito bites and a few bouts with dysentery. While he is no St. Exupéry in style or ambition, he writes in an engagingly colorful way, with top-hole anecdotes running all over the pages. Here is a sample of his metaphorical language (after years in the tropics): "Most of the countries I flew through have germs so large and curious that they turn the microscope around to get a look at the humans, and yet the authorities insist that all arriving passengers be inoculated for everything from broken arches to falling hair. I don't know how either man or beast could take them anything in the nature of disease that they haven't already got."

The chapter on airline stewardesses and the pranks that pilots play on them is a vignette well worth the price of the volume.

MONTGOMERY M. GREEN

REVIEWED IN BRIEF

Crossroads, by John Beaty. 356 pp. Dallas, Texas: Wilkinson Publishing Co. $4.00

As an author, Colonel Beaty is an amateur. His work violates the two basic rules of modern fiction; *viz*: 1) put in all the sex and sadism that the traffic will bear, and 2) portray every white man born south of the Potomac as illiterate or degenerate, preferably as both. How shocking his book will be to contemporary taste you may judge for yourself when you learn that his two heroines, although they can read and have passed puberty, are virgins unsaved by Freud, and that the most prominent young man in the story not only respects his grandfather but even comes to accept wholeheartedly the Southern traditions of his family. The author attempted to present an objective picture of life in Piedmont Virginia in 1939, and, aside from a few reticences, he has departed no farther from reality than is inevitable in any artistically organized narrative. A number of readers will enjoy—at least as a novelty—this story about people of fundamental decency.

Women Are Wonderful!, edited by William Cole and Florett Robinson. 200 pp. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $5.00

This collection of cartoons may be regarded as an American supplement to the ponderous quartos of Dr. Kind's *Die Weiberherrschaft* and Eduard Fuchs' *Die Frau in der Karikatur*. The German works contain, of course, a learned and solemn commentary. The American editors use laboriously simple language to explain the obvious. But most of the cartoons are amusing.

The Distant Music, by H. L. Davis. 311 pp. New York: William Morrow & Co. $3.95

Mr. Davis has a distinct feeling for style, but he chooses to exercise it in a strange dialect in which men "let on not to notice" and so avoid "a sign of weakness that it was more dignified to hold back with." His characters, purportedly early settlers in the Northwest and their children, are worthy of the jargon in which they are described: their befuddled lives and vulgar deaths are completely devoid of both significance and interest.

Bible Atlas, by Emil G. Kraeling. 487 pp. Chicago: Rand McNally & Co. $8.95

The twenty-two large maps in this book are clearly drawn and beautifully printed. The two hundred photographs suggest that high-grade photo-offset work has become prohibitively expensive. The text is dreary. One can understand why it was sifted to remove all particles of evidence that might offend the susceptibilities of one or another religious sect, but why was it reduced to stilted and confusing jargon? "The friends of Job augment [sic] the Arab background. . . . This far-flung Arab world representation suits the universalistic outlook of this greatest poetic production." Has English become a dead language?

The Maid of Orleans, by Sven Stolpe, translated from the Swedish by Eric Lewenhaupt. 311 pp. New York: Pantheon Books. $4.00

When Jacques Cordier published his *Jeanne d'Arc* in 1948, he deeply distressed all who venerate the Maid as a saint, not so much because he, like many earlier and more polished writers, dismissed her visions as mere hallucinations, as because he adduced evidence to show that her military and political importance was much less than even the most hostile critics had theretofore taken for granted. Mr. Stolpe accepts almost all of this evidence without argument and seeks to reconcile it with a devout interpretation of Joan as a saint whose martyrdom served a divine purpose. I am not sure that he has not conceded too much to Cordier. He might have profited from a study of the ingenious articles by J. Jacoby which appeared in the *Mercure de France* in 1932.

(*Reviewed by Revilo Oliver*)

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To the Editor

Creating Human Needs

The only serious omission I find in Mr. Bozell's "Repeal of the Constitution" [December 29], in which he so deftly dissects the New Republicanism, is that the *needs of the people* are actually *created.* The people are continually being sold a bill of goods on all sorts of "needs" through vast expenditures of government propaganda. . . .

This so-called New Republicanism, tainted by ADA connections, is now trying to sell us on the "need" for federal help on education; on socialized medicine; peddling the idea of a World Government . . . And it is, it seems, useless to ask the simple question: Who is going to pay for these "needs"?

Boston, Mass. KENNETH D. ROBERTSON, JR.

NR Was Too Generous

In an editorial note in your issue of January 12 you state that the Bill of Rights Fund "has in large part financed the epidemic of litigiousness . . . through the years since 1946." I wish to point out that this "epidemic" has been caused primarily by government prosecution of radicals and dissenters—prosecutions which violate both letter and spirit of the U.S. Constitution.

The Bill of Rights Fund is glad to take all proper credit for financially assisting the legal defense of many of its defendants. But since the Fund was established only two years ago, in November 1954, you are a bit too generous in saying that we have been helping the cause of civil liberties "since 1946."

New York City CORLISS LAMONT
Chairman, Bill of Rights Fund

No "Modern Republican"

I am confused. We are told that Mr. Eisenhower and Company did not want to run the risk of war a few weeks ago, and that this is the reason that no assistance was given to the heroic Hungarians. Yet we are now told that Mr. Eisenhower's "doctrine" requires that we run the same risk of war in the Middle East, to "Stop Soviet Aggression." Now for the life of me I can't figure out why it is bad to run the risk of war to try and save the lives and freedom of anti-Communist Hungarians but it is good to run the same risk . . . in the Middle East. But then, I'm no "Modern Republican" and, if I were, all these things would no doubt be quite clear to me.

San Francisco, Cal. WILLIS A. CARTO

Atheism—Ward of the State

Congratulations upon your editorial "Thou Shalt Not Get Away With It" [January 26]. By eliminating God from the public schools, the First Amendment is being used to promote a state religion, namely, atheism.

New York City JOHN T. BALFE

Demolition Job

With one picture and a dozen words, Kreuttner [January 19] has accomplished a demolition job which must surely be unique both in completeness and scope, since it includes, besides the ostensible subject of U.S. "leadership" in world affairs, the whole "new" Republican concept as well as its most notable exponent. . . .

REDONDO BEACH, CAL. NEIDRA M. ROBB

The Heine Centenary

I was surprised to find that John Abbot Clark's review of the literary events of 1956 [January 12] did not even mention that last year was the centenary of Heine's death, while the article indicated that it was the centenary of the birth of Shaw—the wit of the philistines. . . .

The Nazis did not succeed in destroying Heine because even during their rule his songs were loved, and last year his centenary was celebrated in Germany in a marked way. But where the Nazis failed, we are succeeding by our indifference. Virtually no attention has been paid to the centenary.

Here is Nietzsche's tribute to one of the greatest lyric poets and wits of all time: "Heinrich Heine gave me the highest conception of the lyric poet. I seek in vain in all the realms of thousands of years for an equally sweet and passionate music. He possessed that divine sarcasm without which I cannot conceive the perfect."

Chicago, Ill. RASTIGNAC

Liberating the Free World

Congratulations on the Eugene Lyons article "Who Will Liberate *Us?*" [January 19]. The described attitude of the peoples behind the Iron Curtain certainly reflects reality. Since I myself am an emigrant from this area, I can understand the feelings of the peoples now under Soviet rule (while I only experienced the German one during World War II).

I might use this opportunity to tell you how much I enjoy reading your paper. . . . The articles by Kirk, Roepke and Kuehnelt-Leddihn are always stimulating.

JERZY HAUPTMANN
Chairman, Dept. of Political Science
Parkville, Mo. Park College

I feel that Eugene Lyons' article "Who Will Liberate *Us?*" is deserving of the highest praise and recognition, so I have written my Congressman requesting its insertion in the *Congressional Record.* I have also requested my public librarian and alma mater to make copies of NATIONAL REVIEW available. . . .

Chicago, Ill. THOMAS HUGH LATIMER

Brokers Fight the "Boiler-Shop"

I was at once gratified and dismayed to see Anthony Whittier's "Memoirs of a Customer's Man" [January 26]. As an employee of a Chicago securities firm, I am happy to see NATIONAL REVIEW take cognizance of the very real evil existing in the "boiler-shop" brokerage houses which are found on almost every financial Main Street.

But my joy at this discovery was diluted by the thought that readers not aware of the general ethical level of the securities business might think that Dank, Bruit and Sargasso was generally typical of that industry. This, as you well know, is not so. . . . The "boiler-shop" represents an aspect of the business whose early elimination is the aim of every reputable securities firm—and this includes 98 per cent of them. . . .

Chicago, Ill. CLARKE WALSER

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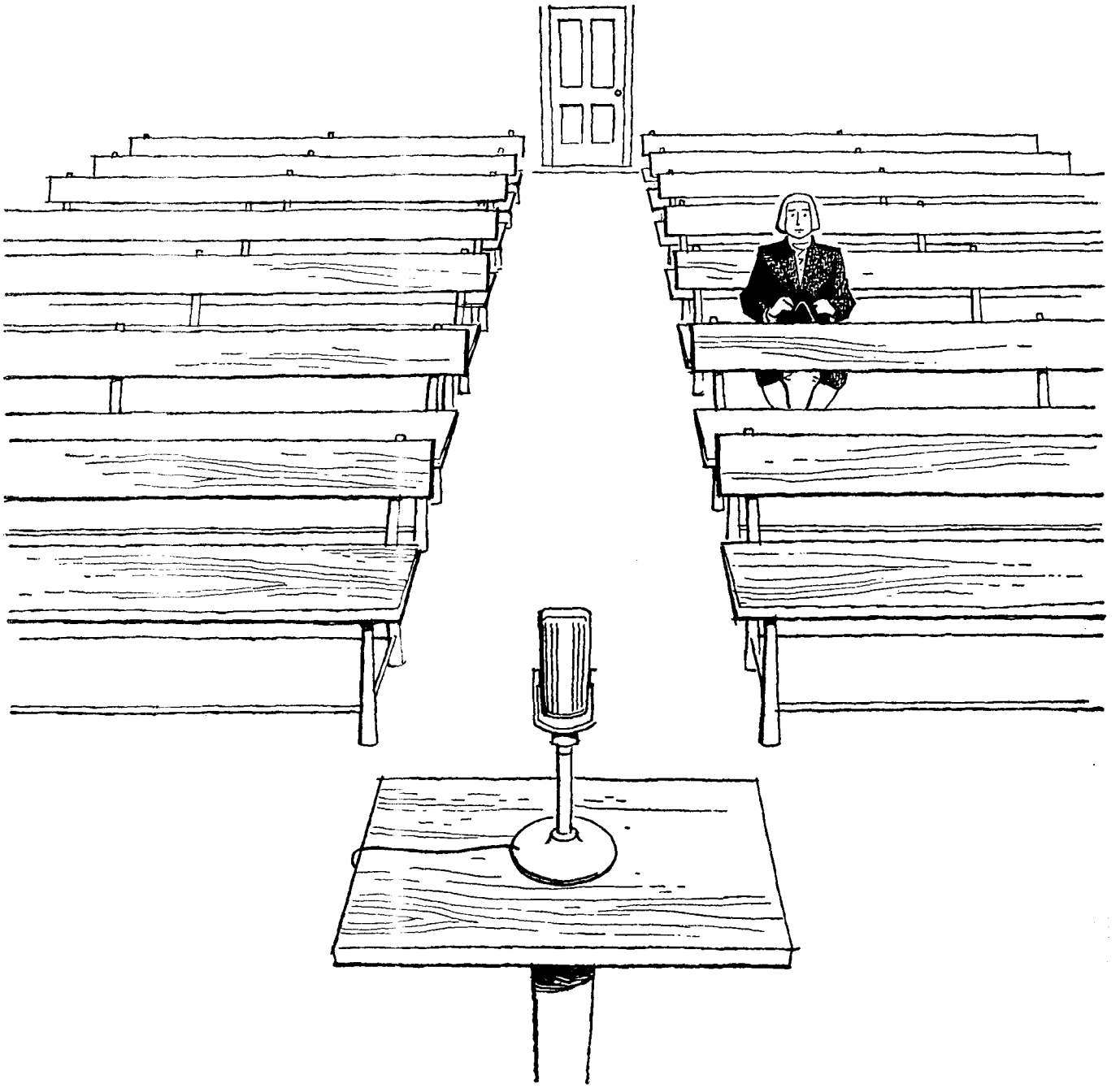

Where have all the people gone?

YEARS ago, when the town crier announced a town meeting, people found a way to get there. The right to express their views was one of the reasons they had come to this new land. The right to take part in government was what they intended to keep. Later, they fought a revolution to preserve their rights to self-government.

Today, the town meeting lives as a symbol of the early democracy men died to establish. But are we as quick to defend our rights as they were? Are we as ready to express our views—even if unpopular? Are we as eager to govern ourselves?

How many people today would have to ask, "Where's City Hall?" How many attend council meetings except when their own property or street is affected by a turnpike or shopping center?

Would a "town meeting" today be a lonely place for a revolutionary forefather?

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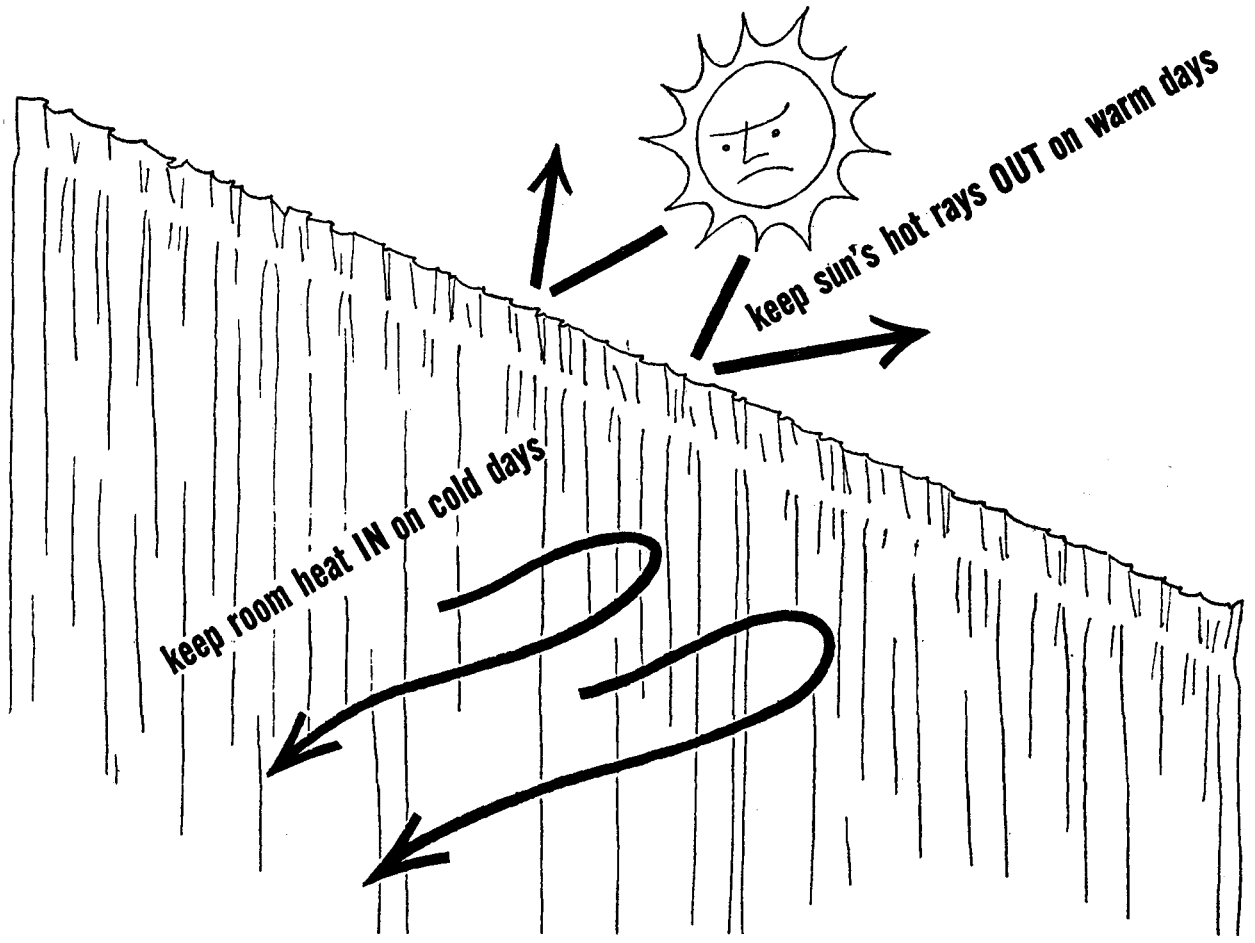

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